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NIGHT.

On silent wings that waft a magic air,
Inviting us to sleep and sweet repose,
As if from fairy land a god she rose;
So night approaches, glory-crowned and fair,
Forgetful of life's troubles and its care,
As drunk from Circe's cup that checks
our woes,
We think to live in Tempe's vale, so close
To genius' home that we their feeling share.

O gentle night! provoker thou of thought,
Upon thy gentle bosom I learn to know
Myself, sweet mem'ries old and new are brought
Before my mind that set the heart aglow.
To thee my inmost heart unbars its door,
For thou wilt gladden me, wilt heal my sore.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

LITERARY CRITICISM.

'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muses' steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed.—POPE.

LITERARY criticism may be defined as the art of distinguishing what is beautiful, and what is faulty in any literary performance. As in the practice of any art, no matter what its aim or character be, a certain system of devised rules must be followed, and most scrupulously so, in order to be capable of answering its set purpose, so, too, in the excercise of this art, the art of pointing out the excellencies and deficiencies in works of literature, certain rules must be adhered to which enable us to reach the true object it has in view. This object in view, as we all know, is no other than to call people's attention to the real beauties and faults of literary production, to propose the proper means, with the aid of which the former might be imitated and the latter avoided, and thus to raise the standard of a literature.

One of the first and most essential requisites for true literary criticism is to have a perfect knowledge where to draw the boundary lines of one's genius, task, and learning, and to ascertain where "sense and dullness meet." This quality, as a rule, the guide-post of genuine critics, proves to be the stumbling-block of fool-critics. Half learned witlings as they are meddle with everything they meet with, and, in their folly, think themselves capable of criticising any literary pro-

duction. Wishing to rival with the best of critics they blow themselves up like the frog that desired to be as large as the ox, but like it they cause thereby their own ruin, they are compelled to withdraw from their shameful career like Arion, the player on the cithern.

A second requisite for true literary criticism consists in being true to nature. Unerring nature being always the same is a never failing light in search after what is beautiful and faulty in works of literature. The means through which we are enabled to appropriate to ourselves this light best is the study of ancient authors; such as, Homer, Aristotle, Cicero, Virgil and others, and a thorough acquaintance with the character of their writings. Without these two requisites, Pope says, you may cavil but never criticise.

Unless we shape our judgment according to the rules these mighty minds of old following nature most scrupulously have laid down in their works we can never trust it.

> "Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
> To copy nature is to copy them."

Sound criticism also excludes all that savors of rashness. Due allowance must needs be given to circumstances connected with either the whole or any part of the subject to be criticised. It frequently happens that the production when viewed from but one standpoint deserves reproach, when, however, considered in its diverse phases betrays unlooked-for beauties and charms, and hence lays a just claim to our words of praise and admiration. To read and criticise a work with the same spirit,

remarks a certain author, with which it was written, i. e. to place oneself into the same circumstances and conditions in which the writer very likely was, shows skill to judge rightly.

Another characteristic of true criticism is to take the literary performance as a whole and not in its parts. Should some trivial faults occur therein, it would, indeed, be the height of folly, on account of them, to throw the whole production over board, maintaining that such insignificant faults destroy the beauty and charm of the whole. Though not wishing to deviate an iota from the truth the well-known apothegm

"Little strokes fell great oaks"

conveys to our minds, I deny that trivial faults to which the best of writings are subject deprive a work, wherein they occur, of its grace and charm.

" 'Tis not a lip, or eye we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all."

Mark well, however, that by claiming a good critic cannot without blaming himself take minor faults into consideration, I do not wish to say he should make no mention of these errors at all, for this again would betray want of acuteness. What I wish to say is this: a critic should, indeed, mark those faults, but wisely so, i. e. in a manner that reflects honor and praise both upon the writer and upon himself. Could a production show up but a few graces and beauties, true criticism demands to mark them to the credit of the author, and as to the rest to be mindful of what the poet says:

"Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine."

True criticism excludes doubtfulness. The critic, therefore, entertaining any reasonable doubt as to the thoughts or meaning, parts of the work before him convey, is bound to pass these parts over in silence; for, he should mind well, that if once his decision have proved false, his reputation as a good critic will be marred for ever. And should he be conscious of having at some previous time misjudged a work, let him humbly recall the same, for says the poet:

" 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, join;
In all you speak let truth and candor shine."

Genuine criticism, moreover, must be exempt from all that smacks after bigotry, the offspring of pride and envy. No matter to what nationality or confession the work to be criticised belongs, justice must be done to it, its beauties are to be admired and imitated, its faults chided and avoided. The catch-words of true criticism are: Truth, Beauty, and Justice.

Another quality with which sound criticism must be permeated is to judge a production not so much according to its phraseology, melodious flow of words, as according to the good sense and the beautiful thoughts it contains. Though the former qualities go a great ways *in se*, they can under no circumstance be preferred to the latter. Those that find fault with me being of this opinion may be compared with the ones Pope most beautifully describes in the following words:

"In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt the Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but for the music there."

Another quality, and the last one I am to speak of, likewise very essential to good criticism, is fearlessness. How much this quality is neglected daily experience teaches us. Critics that, perhaps, for many a year exerted a most wholesome influence upon the minds of their fellow-men, turned all on a sudden traitors to their vocation. And why? For a mere want of manly pluck to step up to highly educated, honored and at the same time very influential men, to step up to those whom they love and let them and the public know the true worth and value of their productions. They, indeed, have feared to incur the anger and displeasure of individuals but scrupled not to run into the angry jaws of a misled people. Though we should believe that such things could hardly ever happen we cannot deny that most scandalous proceedings of this nature have occurred quite recently.

This brings me to the close of my essay. Though many a thing still remains to be said about true literary criticism, want of time and space prevent me from dwelling on them. The reader, however, wishing to get acquainted with the particulars of those things, I kindly refer to Pope's "Essay on Criticism" on which the present essay is partly based. CYRIL C. MOHR, '01.

NATURE'S LESSON.

Why, when with clouds the sun is dark
And heavy shadows veil the earth,
Do then our hearts restrain from joy
And scarce our souls enjoy gay mirth?

Then serious thoughts invest the mind
As to the evening shadows creep;
Our body too is weak and worn
Scarce can with duty pace it keep.

And their dark clouds rise in the west
A rolling, seething, foaming sea,
A weight upon our being rests
From which no creature us can free.

It is not tender nature's wish
That melancholy on us creep:
A cruel mother she would be
That weeps to make the child too weep.

Though nature punishes the wayward
As mothers oft their child chastise,
It cannot touch the immaterial.
Within our souls the reason lies.

It is the Spirit great, Almighty,
Though great and just, yet good and kind;
At times He seems to frown and chide,
Then anxious thoughts oppress the mind.

And when dark clouds hide heaven's blue
The Father's face seems hid from view;
When in the thunder's voice He speaks
We fear not having brought His due.

But oft He smiles upon us kindly
And then upon us flows His grace
As fresh as rain-drops on dry nature.
Ah, then we know the Father's face.

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.

AS YOU TO ME SO I TO YOU.

The students of St. Albert's were enjoying a half holiday (the first of the scholastic year) in honor of their kind Rector. It was an ideal September day the last week of the month—a day that would have made dreary old Bacchus rejoice to behold the grapes ripening so quickly. Warm and brilliant were the rays of the afternoon sun. The morning's hard work being over, the students enticed by the delightful weather and the beautiful autumnal scenes of the surrounding country put aside their troublesome books and resolved to take a stroll over meadows and plains, through barren fields and yellow-tinted forests—each one in that direction which flattered most his own peculiar taste and satisfied best his curiosity.

The Reverend Prefect's permission having been obtained by three doughty elders, the march began. A hilarious crowd indeed came forth from those sacred halls. All was gladness and jubilation. In every countenance were depicted the traces of a contented soul and terrestial merriment flowing from the heart's fulness. Such are the gladsome days of innocent youth!

Some distance south of the college building there lay a wide tract of land covered for the most part with lofty hickories whose tops on stormy April days played with the feet of passing clouds but whose curved branches now groaned under the weight of a precious load, a part of which the stu-

dents wished to carry away. But since that inveterate enemy of every thing green, Jack Frost, had not yet made his appearance the little nuts clung tenaciously to their mother-branch until some superior power would sever and ungraciously cast them to the earth. Being frail mortals they were obliged to abandon the hickories and seek some other enjoyment. This disappointment was soon pleasantly supplanted by a kindred sport; youngsters are not always put off easily.

The hickory forest is bounded on the east by a clearing overgrown with shrubs and brushes; in not a few places hazel-bushes groaning under the weight of cherished kernels nodded assent to any one who wished to liberate them from their onus. Thither, then, went the boys and for days thereafter the good time enjoyed there was the common talk.

However not all the students were in that merry group; two adventurous lads went in quest of other pleasure. They were of that lucky or unlucky number who on leaving home had not forgotten to take their most favorite companion, a fowling-piece with them.

James Dawson, such was the elder's name, a tall but sturdy youth of sixteen, carried on his shoulder a handsome repeating Winchester rifle. He was one of those good-natured, bright-looking lads who love to do their duty, but will also not remain in the rear if some not too insignificant scheme of trickery is in question. Not unfrequently his well-weighed plans were crowned with success.

His companion, Michael Davy, a dark-com-

plected youth of fifteen, with a business-like expression on his face was equipped with a first class doubled-barreled shotgun. He often went hunting but seldom returned with game; always saw very much, but on account of some bush or branch missed it by an inch. On the gun's stock his initials had been artistically engraven. Over his left shoulder he had thrown a gamebag not because he might need it, but out of habit.

They were walking rather briskly over a large meadow which lay north of the college conversing joyously about their studies and games.

"Now Jim," interrupted Michael, "give us a rest with that football team of yours. A better idea just now struck my mind."

"That's quite natural that it was a better idea but let it strike harder so that I can hear it," responded James.

"You know," continued Michael, "over there about a mile to the west lives farmer Johnson and better, sweeter, more delicious melons than those in his patch never came in contact with your old tongue. What do you say? Let's go over there and have a regular darky lunch."

"None of that humbug now. I'd rather show some bushy fox-squirrel what a bullet is made of. Yet that old Epicurean tells me to go. So alright. Have you any money?"

"Pshaw! No. Don't need any. We'll fake them."

Having agreed they turned to the west and marched straight for the melon patch. This lay in a swampy piece of land enclosed by a thick-

grown hedge-fence. To the west was a cornfield; to the north of this was located a picturesque oak grove in which centuries ago the battle-loving Redmen were wont to invoke the Great Spirit and thunder forth the peals of their victorious war-whoops. Arriving at the junction of the field and the grove the big boys put down their arms and walked silently along the hedge until they came to a small opening. There they halted and looked about cautiously; seeing no one they grew very courageous and in a moment were ready for action.

"I'll go in," whispered Michael, "and roll out one of those big fellows; stay here on the look-out."

"All right, all right," murmured James.

So far the whole affair went off pleasantly. The greatest difficulty now to be overcome was the carrying of the melon which feat Michael at first accomplished quite gracefully but soon began to remember that he was made of flesh and bones.

At the same time Mr. Johnson was not so idle nor so invisible as the boys had thought him. He had been in the grove performing some work when he noticed the students approaching. As soon as they had advanced sufficiently in the cornfield he followed them. Just as Michael was entering the patch he came to the place where they had left their arms.

"That's a peach of a shotgun! Guess I'll just take it and let those chaps have the good-for-nothing old melons."

With a satisfied smile the old farmer shouldered the gun and marched homeward.

Mr. Johnson was a good-natured, honest, and charitable neighbor ever willing to do his part, but never ready to suffer an imposition from the hands of others. He loved his own and diligently cared for it, but also never hesitated to part with it in an honest or merciful manner. However, since the boys had recourse to the back way he would not go out in front. Besides it was always his greatest pleasure to teach wayward and thoughtless youngsters a wholesome lesson whenever he had an opportunity, and to do it in such a manner that they keenly felt the result of their reckless conduct.

Imagine poor Michael's surprise when he returned bending under the weight of his cucurbitaceous burden to take his gun and retreat to a place of safety there to enjoy the full deliciousness of the melon; his good old gun was not to be found. Excitement mingled with fear seized him; he began to tremble like a deer that has escaped pursuit.

"Jim, some rascal has taken my gun. What shall we do? We are found out," he sobbed bitterly.

At that moment James saw Mr. Johnson walking toward his house with the cherished object on his shoulder. Knowing him from former times, he answered consolingly: "Don't be so anxious. Here goes Mr. Johnson with it; he will surely return it if we ask him kindly."

However, they found it advisable not to go for it at once, but to return on the next holiday which was not far distant. Having thus come to an agreement they cared for the encumbrative me-

lon and then returned to the college where they arrived as the bell rang for supper. James was carrying his rifle and Michael the empty gamebag which he had concealed under his coat.

Accordingly on the next holiday James and Michael were again seen going in the direction of Mr. Johnson's farm. They had carefully saved all their pocket-money allowed them each week and were willing to rebuy the gun if it could not be obtained in any other way. Arriving at the house they were kindly received. After they had made known their mission Mr. Johnson returned the gun gratis saying good-naturedly:

"As others do to me so do I to them."

TITUS F. KRAMER, 01.

HAMLET.

WELL has it been said, that no literary books, with the exception of Holy Scripture, have received so much comment, or are quoted and recited more than the works of Shakespeare, 'the Sweet Swan of Avon!' In perusing his plays we are at once enveloped in a psychological atmosphere, where lightning flashes penetrate the inner life, stamping the characteristics, passions or virtues of men. The prodigious faculty of his phantasy portrays them in images and metaphores, impetuous, tranquil, or delicate.

It is especially in Hamlet, which is superior in merit to Julius Caesar, where Shakespeare admir-

ably exemplifies that equilibrium existing between the real and the fantastic world. It is a tragedy of thought. The sublime, the higher thing, the fancy, are ever preeminent. He penetrates to the very centre of these metaphysical regions but only, "*natura duce*". Hamlet inexperienced in the school of adversity finds himself at once surrounded by a number of inauspicious incidents, which harrow up his soul and revolutionize his mental faculties. All his thoughts are impregnated with the keenest sensibility. He is tossed about upon a sea of emotional feelings. The mysterious voice of his father's ghost,

> "Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me!"

launches him to the very midst of it, whilst the tyrannical love for his '*celestial and most beautiful Ophelia*' casts him to the very abyss of melancholy and despair.

We admire the inflexible and resolute mind to carry out his father's wishes.

> "Haste me to know it; that I with wings as swift
> As meditations or the thought of love,
> May sweep to my revenge."

The ghost has disappeared and he exclaims:

> "The time is out of joint,—O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right."

These words are needed, for as Goethe says, in them will be found the key to his whole procedure, which is a very slow one. He becomes conscious of the difficulty to redeem his promise. His terrific phantasm rushes him onward with a vigorous determination, but the want of energy enslaves him in a dungeon of mystical depression; he re-

coils, hesitates, believes the apparition to have been a magic illusion.

"The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil.....yea and perhaps out of my weakuess and my melancholy.....
Abuses me to damn me."

And thus he is drifted on through a course of incidents with a cue of passion, unfit for a resolute mind ever panting for vengeance, which at last is satiated, not by self-action, but by a mere chance.

Ophelia next engages our attention and moves our hearts to deepest sympathy. Subject to the obedience of a stern father and the rebukes of a too solicitous brother, she rejects from her bosom one who had captivated her heart, one who had given her a pledge of reciprocating love;

"Doubt that the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love."

Unlike Hamlet, who gives vent to his feelings she is silent, she is patient.

Those premature propensities of love are all buried within that sighing breast.

" 'Tis my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it."

Not enough. The cup fills to the brim. Sad remembrances textured with poignant sorrows, those piercing words of Hamlet,

"I loved you not.....Get thee to a nunnery,
Go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool: for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them .....
To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell."

they pierce that tender heart and shatter the very

frame of her existence. She fades away in the spring of life, like a bruised flower, that has but begun to bloom, and meets the saddest fate of all in the stagnant waters of that 'glossy stream.'

The character of the queen is an adequate antithesis to that of Ophelia. Being rather of an amorphous disposition, she lacks that keen penetration and judgment, necessary to interpret the words and actions of others. Only after her son Hamlet had poured a torrent of reproaches upon her, she becomes conscious of her interior state, yet the remorse is but transient.

Polonius, the right bower of the king, is ever at his post to give counsel or devise plans, which he executes with an egotistical ostentation so peculiar to men of such rank. In him the proverb:

"It is easier to make laws, than to keep them."

is verified. At his son's departure, he dictates a number of wise precepts to him, the last one of which deserves special mention:

"This above all,—to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Wise words indeed. But they were mere principles to Polonius himself. Had he put in practice what is contained in them, Hamlet's hand would have not been stained with his blood.

In Laertes energy and courage are ever predominant. Fearless of death, disregarding person, place or dignity, he intrudes the king's chamber, to revenge the murder of his father.

But through the base intrigues of the brutish

king, he, like his sister Ophelia, falls an innocent victim.

Osric, by his affection of excessive elegance of speech, plainly illustrates the euphuism of the time. In him sycophancy as a character is prevalent.

Osc. I thank you my lordship, 'tis very hot.
Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northernly.
Osc. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.
Ham. But yet me thinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.
Osc. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry.

The meeting of Hamlet and Laertes at Ophelia's grave seems an accidental coincidence, their struggle unnatural. Still, as events are gradually maturing the play, they are most appropriate.

In variety of characters, in shifting the scenes, Hamlet ranks first of all Shakesperian plays. One objection, however, may be raised. Innocence is ever in the crucible of pain, whereas crime meets not its due punishment.

The atrocious guilt of the king shares the same fate as the innocence of Polonius, Laertes and Hamlet himself. Sound philosophy might insert some correction here. But would a scholar attempt to taint the speckless plumage of that "Sweet Swan of Avon?"

DANIEL NEUSCHWANGER, '01.

CHILDHOOD.

O happy morn of life! thy gracious smile,
When the breath of God is manifesting fast
Its life-imparting presence human-classed,
Spreads gladness o'er my soul, without defile.
In sweet allegros pulsates toward the isle,
Of dreams and hopes the blood; for youth will cast
Realities aside, that gaze aghast
To hem the bounding waves of joy awhile.

In this light atmosphere of gladness plays,
With innocence as guardian joyous youth.
'Midst murmuring rills of music apt to sooth
The disharmonious chords flung in some days.
He hears from hazy distance sterner truth,
But such he fathoms not on mirth-bound ways.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

FIRST BLAZE OF ELOQUENCE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WHENEVER our memory carries us back to that unprecedented event recorded in our glorious history, namely to the "Declaration of Independence," by which we became that happy and free people, as we are now, and as no second exists under the sun, we are at the same time reminded of the heroes, that lived, fought and died for the one cause—liberty.

The time during our liberty's life-struggle was

a time of tribulation and desolation for the colonies. In such a crisis the people needed men capable of touching the heart and minds of their fellow-men; they were in need of such geniuses, as could by their eloquence rouse their blood more than the drums and trumpets of miltary bands. But, as Divine Providence had always a watchful eye for the relief of his oppressed people, so it manifested itself also in this case.

Like of old, when the character of the chosen people of God was sunk to the lowest point of degradation and the whole tribe groaning and staggering under the heavy load of sufferings, God, the Ruler of all nations, showed Himself propitious, He called forth from amongst them some powerful geniuses to rescue, by their magic speech, and heroic deeds, His fallen people. In like manner must we explain the appearance of a series of such men at this time, whose eloquence equaled if not surpassed the triumphs of the sword. The principal ones of those pioneers were Benjamin Franklin, who was equally illustrious as a man of letters, statesman and philosopher; Thomas Jefferson, whose production created an imperishable renown for him; Alexander Hamilton, ablest political writer; James Madison; Patrick Henry, whose fiery trumpet-toned eloquence aroused the colonies and infused the courage to battle for liberty into the hearts of his timid, hesitating countrymen.

These were the lights and leaders in that awful darkness and gloom of consternation and oppression. To them the people of the colonies

looked up with an eye of commanding sympathy, which England was still refusing. But now the crisis came. It was then, when the sun of peace was setting, and with it the material progress; when people's character had become low; when military discipline had been neglected; and when the British Crown enforced laws, and taxed her people without their being represented, and obliged them to drink the cup of suffering to the very dregs—it was then that we see the dawn of eloquence opening such as the world has never seen since.

It is a singularly significant coincidence, that at a period of war and dissension, the blaze of eloquence was floating over the Colonies; again, that American Literature was born at a time, when in new settlements the axe, gun, spade, and plough instead of the pen were the leading instruments of progress.

The eloquence of that period was not, as is justly remarked, the mere ebullition of feeling, nor was its object personal gratification, nor to please the hearers, which is the eloquence of panegyrics; but it was of the highest order of eloquence by which the hearers were not only convinced but interested, agitated, and carried along with the speaker: "It was the enthusiasm of reason: it was judgment raised into transport, and breathing the irresistible order of sympathy."

We read of James Otis, that when in 1761, in a Boston popular assembly, he denounced the British Writs of Assistance, his hearers were turned away, unable to resist the torrent of speech flashing like

lightning through the audience. When Patrick Henry delivered his famous speech in behalf of American liberty and independence, it is said that "no murmur of applause followed, the effect was too deep," but when the last sound of the concluding words, "give me liberty, or give me death!" was yet floating in the air, the whole assembly buried in a trance of enthusiasm, responded in one voice "to arms!" To these examples let me add one more, James Madison, the ablest advocate of the Declaration of Independence, on the floor of Congress. Of him Jefferson declares that he poured forth his passionate appeals in language so powerful and commanding, that he moved the hearers from their seats.

The aim of these glorious orators was always a noble and momentous one—the welfare of the Colonies, and deep sympathy for the poor and oppressed. It is to be regretted that many of their great productions are lost. The names of some would even have remained buried in oblivion, had it not been for the sweet memory, that faithfully engraves within its recesses all that is dear to it, and reveals it to all generations.

The presence of a real genius of eloquence in these orators is marked in their peculiar kind of style, which consists more or less in splendid fulness. None of the essential requisites of the art of eloquence, such as solid arguments, clear method and sincerity that command attention are wanting. The glowing passions and ardor shown in their speeches, the vehement flame of sentiment which proceed from their minds, animated and in-

spired with some great and public object, testify to their sincerity in espousing their arguments. To attain their end, we see them using every proper means to animate a people, distinguished by justice and valor, but in many regards become corrupt, and degenerate. They boldly accuse them of their neglects and evils, while on the other hand they remind them of the glory of their present union.

I am persuaded that no one can help admiring these men, and considering them geniuses. They do honor to our language, but especially to the American Liturature, for which they form a firm foundation. The foundation is laid, and it is our duty, and the duty of those coming after us, to erect on it the edifice of a National American Literature.

E. J. Hefele, '01.

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EDITORIALS.

At the beginning of this new scholastic year our mind is crowded with speculative questions and ideas.

When under the guidance of able men, or treading along with them the pathway of life, one

feels himself safe and secure. But as their ways branch off from ours, as their direct cooperation is withheld, we are overcome by a sense of weakness, or better we resemble a child attempting to walk alone. This is in some sense verified in the change of our staff.

Recalling the past we remember to have witnessed the rise of many a star whose youthful glow promised a glorious career. Some of these stars are now enveloped in haze and mist—their light is not for us. Others move in a wider circle. Though far removed, yet rays of golden light, a pledge of love for Alma Mater, fall into their former sphere of work.

It is not our intent to bask in the radiance of reflected light. But as the moon shines brightest in a starlit firmament, so Alma Mater prides and glories in a number of loyal alumnni.

The new staff cherishes the memory of their predecessors, and will follow their footsteps, if possible.

The memory of our former rector, Rev. A. Seifert, will ever linger among us, because his name is deeply rooted with the purest affection of all the inmates of St. Joseph's College. Summons from superior authority called him away from us to assume the rectorship of a seminary. Lasting proofs of his influence must keep our love for him alive; and it cannot but be expected that his directing hand will lead the fortune of the seminary through years of success. This is the unanimous wish of all his former subjects.

The Collegian will continue to be edited under the directorship of Rev. B. Boebner. Since P. Benedict is entrusted with the rectorship of the college. upon which promotion the whole student-body brings him a joyful and hearty congratnlation, it cannot be expected that he sacrifice sufficient time for the management of a college-paper. The surplus hour not demanded by class-work or not taken up by the duties of rector, needs certainly a more joyful occupation than scrutinizing student's work. Yet the noble aim and the inherent satisfaction apparently lighten the task. Such devotion demands a spontaneous and willing cooperation on part of the students, which no one can reasonably refuse.

Good method and good management are reliable means to gain success. We are often mistaken in supposing that the victor must be better qualified than his opponent, While it holds good in most cases, it often occurs that the weaker throws the stronger. Little strength when directed to its most advantageous spot, or when brought to bear upon a fulcrum, will be force double itself.

An example of this may be witnessed on our baseball diamonds. The "S. J. C." though not superior in ability as to single players are certain of a favorable outcome. The best advice for our "Eagles" is an application of good method and better management. Let them but mark this, and playing with more discretion and quicker judgment of accidents, their good plays will outweigh the bad hits.

Whoever dreamed of taking a street-carride on the day of his burial? In this wonderful period of time anything not beyond the grave seems possible. Funeral-cars, undoubtedly, will soon be universal conveyances; they may spread as fast as street-cars did. Their immense practicability is evident, for they do away with a good deal of inconveniences and bother. That is the drift and conquest of our nodding century. If the end is reached at any expense; so time and money is gained to the disadvantage of a neighbor: a man is styled lucky and successful. These are flushy principles, indeed, and the best to make our shrewdest businessmen.

A funeral-car must take away the solemnity, impressiveness, and holy awe which a procession awakens; but in the whirlpool of city-life this is easily lost too with a procession. Funeral-cars will be of great utility then, a boon to city-people. The idea at the first hearing seems odd. Had it been at an earlier time people would have shaken their heads saying: "That's not my taste."

A practical man will not exert his powers without a special end in view. The end for a student, and in fact for any person, should always approach the ideal in its specific sphere. The motto for our new staff will contain a sentence of this nature. Is it perhaps too great show of pretension? Does it bear marks of overbearing pride? "But if we fail?" is the resolute answer for such questions. To aspire even without attaining cannot strictly be called a failure. But to aspire is always worthy of praise; this is the mark that distinguishes a real scholar from a pedant.

V. A. SCHUETTE, '00.

EXCHANGES.

College journalism is to-day a potent factor in education. The continual increase, in quantity of our College journals vouches for the truth of this assertion, and we think to voice the public opinion when we say that a College without a student's paper is now looked upon as a third or fourth "rate" institution. It is not the intrinsic value of the College journal which gives it this importance but rather the opportunities and advantages that are offered to the students by the publication of such a paper. College journals at their best are youthful productions and as such often lack power of comprehension and exhaustiveness, but no one can expect maturity of youth or perfection of the tyro. Correct diction, or beauty of expression, and originality are the three most indispensable qualities in successful College journalism and any students' paper possessing these three requisites is not open to serious charges. We shall base all our criticisms upon these three conditions to which, however, we would add a fourth one, vitality and sprightliness. The pages of a College journal should reflect the buoyant spirit of the youthful authors, and to do this, the choice of the themes should be such as to arouse the creative and imaginative, rather than the reflective faculties of the writer. There will be sufficient time and certainly plenty of occasions in later life to make the all-absorbing political, social and moral

questions the burden of our story, but now let us remain within the realms of College journalism.

Nature still abounds in beauties which no poet has yet sung; the human heart is full of sympathies which no poet's lyre has yet struck; many charms lie hidden in a poet's lines which have not yet received due appreciation; the splendid style of Addison and the massive structure of Newman are fairly worth another word of praise; the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Adam Bede" and "Ivanhoe" are still deserving of comment; and the detective story of Poe with its innumerable variations proves to be the most fruitful source of delightful reading. These are the province of College journalism and any paper made up by a variety of such compositions, having all the above named requisites, is an ideal students' paper.

We will not here attempt to review the commencement number of our exchanges. Suffice it to say that, whatever the standard of a paper had been, its previous efforts were certainly eclipsed by the last publication: "Finis coronat opus" may without a tint of flattery be said of all. But now it remains for us, the staffs of 1900, to maintain the high standard which College journalism has reached in the past. Inexperience may, indeed, hamper us in the beginning, but remember, our predecessors were confronted by the same difficulty and yet they have achieved enviable success. Let us, therefore, "be up and doing," and whatever our defects may be, conscientious work, timely suggestions and kind criticisms will certainly remove them.

Several of our esteemed exchanges have already reached us. Welcome, kind friends! Keep up the good work you have so propitiously begun.

T. SAURER, '00.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S. The Columbian Literary Society with right deems itself very highly honored in having for its Spiritual Director the Rev. Rector of the College. He, burdened as he is with the duties of that high position, nevertheless offers his generous and able assistance for the welfare of the Society.

Sunday, Sept. 17th the Society convened the first time for this scholastic year. The principal business transacted was the election of officers for the ensuing year. The officers are: Mr. I. Rapp, President; Mr. E. Ley, Vice-President; Mr. W. Arnold, Secretary; Mr. J. Wessel, Treasurer; Mr. V. Schuette, Critic; Mr. E. Werling, Marshal; Mr. P. Wahl, Editor of the Columbian; Messrs. P. Kanney, J. Mutch, and T. Kramer, Executive Committee. As is the custom, the Librarian is not elected by the vote of the Society, but appointed by the Rev. Moderator; Mr. E. Hefele was therefore reappointed Librarian. Mr. I. Rapp as President made a very appropriate address at this meeting. He heartily welcomed the members back for another term of society work. His remarks concerning the future of the Society were

opportune and well chosen; if heeded, the Society will again enjoy a prosperous year.

The former choir-room is now used for the reading-room of the Columbians. This is a larger room and at the same time more comfortable and convenient for reading purposes.

A. L. S. The Aloysian Literary Society is this year under the able guidance of the genial Father Hugo. Their first meeting was held Sept. 17th; as customary the quarterly election of officers was held. The result is: President, A. Mc Gill; Vice-President, L. Dabbelt; Secretary, W. Flaherty; Treasurer, A. Kamm; Editor, F. Theobald; Librarian, T. Ehinger; Executive Committee, J. Naughton, A. Junk, and N. Keilman. The Aloysians showed their principles of progress and expansion by admitting the following students into the Society, they are: H. Booz, E. Cook, G. Arnold, F. Wemhoff, H. Metzdorf, C. Fisher, C. Ellis, E. Vurpillat, J. Hildebrand, M. Zimmer, G. Emsing, E. Lonsway, and T. Hammes. The following private program was announced for Sunday, Oct. 8th: Inaugural, A. McGill; Poem, A. Kamm; Recitation, T. Ehinger; Poem, B. Hoerstman; Recitation, G. Arnold; the Aloysian by its Editor F. Theobald.

Military. The secular students having been assembled in the Armory on Sept. 12th, the familiar command "fall in" was again heard. The members of last year's Battalion took their positions with usual celerity, and the recruits were soon 'lined up'. The cheerful disposition of all the students present was chiefly due to the re-

marks concerning the Military made by the newly appointed Rev. Chaplain, Father Hugo. Major Hordeman then addressed the Battalion showing his satisfaction with the general appearance of the organization and expressing his hopes that the Battalion would equal or exceed its former standard.

As yet the companies are only temporarily formed. Adj. Arnold is commanding the old members; and Capt. Mutch is instructing the recruits in military tactics. If later on it is seen fit the Cadets will be organized under Aid de Camp Wessel. { Messrs. Ley and Werling are respectively First and Second Lieuts. of Co. A.

Promotions from the ranks were made as the result of the competitive drill which took place Sept. 21st. The new officers are: First Lieut., A. McGill; Sec. Lieut., H. Hoerstman; First Sergt., C. Wetli, Sec. Sergt., E. Wills; Color Sergt., H. Wellman.

Raleigh Smoking Club. The most energetic organization in Collegeville is no doubt the Smoking Club, as its members were the first to assemble in a body this term. Already on Sept. 14th they held the election of officers, which resulted as follows; Pres. W. Arnold, Vice-Pres., J. Seitz; Sec. J. Trentman; Treas., J. Wessel. The Smokers are very happy upon the appointment of Father Hugo as the Director of the Club. Five new names were added to the list of members, they are: G. Studer, C. Van Flandern, F. Welsh, G. Arnold, and H. Metzdorf.

Joseph Mutch, '02.

PERSONALS.

The following Rev. Fathers were welcome callers at the College during September: Rev. M. Zumbuelte, Hanover Centre, Ind.; Rev. Chas. Ganzer, Kentland, Ind.; Rev. Chas. Romer, Delphi, Ind,; Rev. John Berg, Remington, Ind.; Rev. John Kuback-, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. F. Koenig, Lowell, Ind.; Rev. Florian Hahn, C. PP. S. Banning, Cal.; Rev. L. Linder, C. PP. S. Winamac, Ind.

Rev. Thomas Meyer, C. PP. S. was appointed pastor of St. Augustine's Church, Rensselaer, Ind. to succeed Rev. Chas. Notheis, C. PP. S., who was sent to Sedalia, Mo. to take charge of the several missions attached to the place last mentioned.

On Sunday, Sept. 7th Student William Keilman was pleasantly surprised by a visit from his father Henry L. Keilman, a very prosperous farmer at Dyer, Lake Co., Ind. accompanied by Williams Grandfather and little brother Raymond.

Mr. Henry Emsing, one of the leading business men of Lafayette, Ind. lateley called on his son Geo. G. between trains.

Grandma C. Lapple and Miss K. Hildebrand of Delphi, Ind. were entertained at the College by their grandson and brother, Sunday, Oct. 8th.

Mr. Patrick Wahl and wife from Morocco, Ind. accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Shaffer of Lafayette, Ind. spent Sunday, Oct. 8th at the College,

the guests of Peter Wahl.

On the same day Peter Hartman was made happy by a short visit from his kind parents Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hartman accompanied by their little daughter Marguerite.

LOCALS.

Hurry up boys, the century is going to its close!

Ever since Cantus received the cut on the top of his head, (a place where the wool ought to grow,) effussions that at times set his classmates—a roaring—are more frequent than they used to be prior to the accident. While pouring over his trigonometry the other day he at once threw the book aside and exclaimed in a voice in which there was more of despair than of anger: "It's outrageous, this trigonometry any-how, it has so many tails, and yet you can't get a hold of it."

The following impressive notice was exhibited some time ago in the St. Xavier study hall: The student that had gall enough to take a book out of my desk should not be afraid to have the audacity of returning it as soon as possible. COB.

Saurer says: "I am a union man, I can work and talk and eat and sleep at the same time."

Fishing is always a sport, it becomes an excitement when Cob is with you. But it grows to a phenomenal occurrence when he detects turtles and catches them. While a number of students were engaged in fishing with seemingly the best

success, the absence of Cob was noticed, which fact, since the water was of considerable depth, created some alarm. Suddenly, however, this alarm was heightened to a panic, on seeing the missing link—about fifty yards from them in a deep place near the bank of the river, with his head scarcely visible above the water, and pitifully crying, "help, help!" All ran to the drowning comrade's assistance, but, Castor and Pollux! as they came near, Cob emerged slowly from under the weeds, made a sudden jerk, and to the amazement of all, having taken a hold by the neck, held up a monstrous turtle to the gaze of his astounded comrades.

Here Ben! what position would you like to take in our foot-ball team; quarterback or full-back? (Ben) "I would prefer to play lazy back."

The watermelon season is again past. If the environments of the melon patches were able to speak they might recount many a heroic adventure. The circumstances were generally unfavorable; too much moonshine for going erect; too many weeds to sneak, besides a desperate foe armed with a monstrous club lying in wait. No man killed; but a few light and honorable scars, however, traces of narrow escapes!

In order to prevent dissatisfaction and downheartedness among his company who for three successive years have fought bravely for the noble cause of a clean sweep—Benno, their captain, intends to organize a glee club for the production of songs for mutual edification. The music is to be composed by the captain. The kind of songs to

be rendered shall be of a light and—sweeping—nature, such as: "Der Besen, der Besen was thut man damit etc·" Contributions are solicited.

The students express their gratitude to Rev. Father Mark, the donor of a pair of white doves, shining emblems of purity, so well befitting the sacred spot they occupy, being placed near the statue of our Blessed Lady in the grotto.

Poets are of an extremely sensitive nature. Their cranium seems to be situated somewhere very near the surface, so that too free an exposition to the sun might result in a total absorption of their poetic fume. This is the reason why some of our young aspirants to the special form of Polyhymnia are often seen perambulating in the gentle light of heaven modified, in being intercepted by our newly erected skylights. Sixtus thinks many a tender poetic germ may thus be preserved, and asks his fellow students to make a trial.

Our dear comrade and fellow student, Alexander La Motte, has the sincere thanks of the C.L.S. for the beautiful and at the same time valuable donation made to our museum. The articles consist of Indian bracelets and breast ornaments of various shapes and colors.

To be or not to be! was the great question that puzzled Isaac when about to jump the vinyard fence in which he knew danger was lurking.

While the students regret the absence of some of our former Rev. Professors, they at the same time extend a hearty welcome to those that have been called upon to fill the vacant ranks.

Many have been frightened by the roar—as they say, of nocturnal earthquakes. They are pacified only after a detailed account of the hidden cause. What was it? In his dream Sam sometimes starts to sing.

Ever since Sylvester has a bic he always gets off the pike.

Bruno thinks that in order to play an instrument correctly, one must be acquainted with the rudiments of horns.

Schneider having discharged one of his customers said to some of the students: "Golly, that feller is hard shaving, his face is full of ditches and his neck is covered with pebbles."

Professor: What is the object of botany? Conrad: "In order to learn how to distinguish a watermelon from squash."

But didn't you make a base hit to-day, Fatty, where did the ball land anyways? Fatty scratching his side: "Right on my ribs."

Cyril is taking an immense interest in the study of chemistry; he gathers all the tin-cans he can find for subsequent experiments.

I. RAPP, '00

ATHLETICS.

BASE-BALL.

The first game of this scholastic year was played on Sunday Sept. 10th. The game was one-sided and uninteresting from the beginning. The Perfectos batted the ball all over the lot and won out in the first inning. The only features of the

game were the battery-work of Ley and Eder and the first base playing of W. Arnold. Game was called in the sixth inning on account of darkness.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	R	H	E
Perfectos	14	0	1	0	5	3	23	18	4
Eagles	3	0	0	0	1	1	4	8	9

Batteries: Bellersen, Kramer and Stolz; Ley and Eder. Umpires: Dabbelt and Saurer.

Perfectos 6 Eagles 5

On Sunday, Sept. 17th, the Perfectos and Eagles crossed bats, and the latter received another defeat. The game was exciting from the first man up to bat until the last man was put out. The snappy game put up by the Eagles was a treat to their faithful rooters after seeing their sloppy work in former games. Stupid base running on part of the Eagles lost the game for them. The game opened up as though it was going to be a slugging match, for the first ball pitched to Eder was hit square on the nose for a home run. After that Kramer settled down and held the Perfectos down to five measly hits. Ley also pitched a steady game but was better supported than his opponent.

Eder	c	Stolz.
Ley	p	Kramer.
Arnold	1st b	Bellersen.
Bremerkamp	2nd b	Hoch.
Theobald	3rd b	Smith.
Wessel	s s	Kanney.
Van Flandern	l f	Schneider
Wahl	c f	Didier.
Welsh	r f	Koenig

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Perfectos	1	2	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	6	5	2
Eagles	0	1	0	0	2	0	1	1	0	5	9	6

Umpires: Hoerstman and Saurer.

FOOT BALL.

The cold October winds have made the boys lay aside ball and bat to take to the pigskin for a few months. In a meeting held last month by candidates for the foot-ball team Mr. W. Arnold was unanimously elected manager and Mr. Wessel captain. Mgr. Arnold has a poor crowd to select his team from, but promises to make the team a successful one. Here's hoping.

The students on the south side have elected Mr. Theodore Saurer Manager, Mr. Titus Kramer Captain. Mr. Saurer has his team already made up and says it is a heavy one on paper.

The game on the gridiron at St. Joseph's was played Sunday, Oct. 14th. With a stiff wind blowing from the south, Capt. Kramer chose tne south end goal; Arnold kicked off forty yds. to Bellersen who regained ten yds. but was cleverly tackled by Hoerstman before much damage was done.

The Giants were held on downs and the College-team gained possession of the ball. The ball was handed to Arnold who skirted left end for forty yds. and the first touch-down of the game was made. He also kicked an easy goal.

S. J. C. 6. Giants 0.

Stolz kicked the pigskin to Van Flandern who advanced the ball twenty yds. before he was downed. The College-team was gaining by steady work, when the ball was passed to Arnold and again he shot around left end like a whirl-wind for another touch-down. He missed goal.

S. J. C. 11. Giants 0.

Koenig kicked off to Ley who was downed on the thirty yard line. In the scrimmage Ley was hurt and Eder was substituted for him. The new man played a good game and his first play was a sixty yard run around right end. The half ended with the ball in the center of the field.

S. J. C. 11. Giants 0.

SECOND HALF.

In the second half Schneider was substituted for Stolz which weakened the Giants considerably. Kramer kicked the oval to Van Flandern who by clever dodging regained fifteen yds. The ball was lost on downs but was soon regained on a fumble. Again it was lost on downs. Kramer received the ball and went around left end for the Giants' first touch down. The try at goal was blocked by Hoerstman. Arnold sent the ball over the line which resulted in a touchback. The ball was given to the College-team on downs. Arnold made forty yds. on a double pass, and a few minutes later made a touch down on a false double pass. Goal was missed.

S. J. C. 16. Giants 5.

The half ended with ball on the Giants fifteen yard line.

S. J. C.		Giants.
Wahl	r e	Linz.
Welsh	r t	Wachendorf.
Wetli	r g	Schmitter.
Keilman	C	Dames.
Wellman	l g	Holler.
Trentman	l t	Olberding.
Hoerstman	l e	Tobe.
Wessel	q b	Bellersen.
Van Flandern	h b	Kramer.
Arnold	r h b	Koenig.
Ley / Eder	f B	Stolz. / Schneider.

Touch downs, Arnold (3), Kramer (1), Goal kicks, Arnold (1), Referee Saurer, Timekeepers, Hoch and Bremerkamp; Linesmen, McGill and Gruber.

J. WESSEL, '03.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95–100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90–95 per cent.

95–100 PER CENT.

E. Ley, W. Arnold, J. Mutch, E. Wills, H. Hoerstman, E. Werling, F. Theobald, C. Van Flandern, J. Seitz, J. Meyer, H. Plas, H. Bernhard, A. McGill, C. Wetli, J. Braun, C. Hils, J. Steinbrunner, H. Wellman, E. Hoffman, L. Dabbelt, T. Ehinger, A. Kamm, F. Wemhoff, H. Muhler, M. Schumacher, M. Zimmer, R. Goebel, E. Vurpillat, J. Dabbelt, T. Hammes, S. Fischer, E. Lonsway, F. Boeke, J. Sanderell, H. Froning, W. Keilman, L. Wagner, P. Hartman, H. Metzdorf, L. Linz, T. Kramer, C. Mohr, E. Hefele, H. Seiferle, R. Stoltz, B. Staiert, S. Hartman, B. Holler, A. La Motte, X. Jaeger, F. Didier, B. Alt, R. Schwieterman, A. Schaefer, F. Reichert, Z. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, C. Olberding.

90–95 PER CENT.

J. Trentman, J. Wessel, B. Hoerstman, G. Studer, P. Wahl, S. Arnold, E. Cook, V. Sibold, A. Hepp, C. Sibold, C. Eder, J. Buchman, C. Ellis, J. Hildebrand, S. Emsing, C. Miller, M. Koester, R. Monin, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. Schuette, L. Hoch, B. Scherzinger, A. Koenig, C. Grube, F. Wachendorfer, A. Bir, A. Schaefer.

FOR CLASS WORK.

In the first paragraph appear the names of those that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes during the last month. The names of those that reached an average of from 84–90 per cent will be found in the second paragraph.

90–100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, A. McGill, J. Braun, C. Hils, H. Muhler, J. Dabbelt, R. Goebel, E. Hoffman, P. Welsh, J. Seitz, H. Bernard, J. Steinbrunner, F. Boeke, H. Froning, P. Hartman, H. Metzdorf, F. Wagner, C. Mohr, E. Hefele, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, R. Schmidt, W. Scheidler, Z. Scheidler, F. Wachendorfer, A. Schaefer, O. Dames, M. Ehleringer, F. Reichert, J. Cupper, C. Olberding.

84–90 PER CENT.

E. Ley, W. Hordeman, J. Mutch, C. Van Flandern, E. Werling, E. Wills, H. Hoerstman, W. Flaherty, C. Wetli, P. Wahl, E. Cook, T. Hammes, F. Wemhoff, G. Studer, M. Zimmer, H. Plas, J. Meyer, A. Kamm, T. Ehinger, L. Dabbelt, A. Hepp, W. Keilman, J. Hildebrand, L. Linz, T. Kramer, S. Meyer, H. Seiferle, B. Staiert, M. Koester, B. Scherzinger, X. Jaeger, E. Flaig, C. Grube, F. Didier.

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